

The Washington Times

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (INCLUDING SUNDAYS)
BY THE WASHINGTON TIMES COMPANY,
THE MUNSEY BUILDING, PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

Frank A. Munsey, Pres. R. H. Titherington, Sec.
Fred A. Walker, Treasurer and General Manager.

ONE YEAR (INC. SUNDAYS), \$15.00. SIX MONTHS, \$8.00.
Entered at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class mail matter.

Washington, D. C., Friday, September 19, 1913.

NOT SOOTHING TO PRIDE.

It is something of a jolt to national pride that Secretary Daniels has decided to buy British turbines for the greatest American battleship, soon to be built. No doubt they will promptly become naturalized and do their work as well as American turbines. We have no fear whatever that they might prove treacherous on account of their foreign origin.

But the fact that they cost but slightly more than one-third as much as American turbines of the same pattern is a disconcerting reminder that, big as we are and able to do so many things, we are behind the British in an important detail of naval equipment.

HOW EASY TO BE GREAT!

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have things coming their way in handbaskets from the cradle to the grave.

Take the case of the Hon. Lawrence Y. Sherman, of Illinois, short-term Senator and candidate for reelection next year.

Senator Sherman's leading opponents, as thus far announced, will be William Lorimer, Republican, and Roger Sullivan, Democrat!

The Senator ought not to need a nomination, a party, a record, or a campaign fund. We don't know very accurately whether he has any of these things. In such a mess, we are for him anyhow.

JOSEPH W. FOLK.

Every time President Wilson is able to draft some man like Joseph W. Folk into his Administration he is doing something to strengthen it in the confidence of people, of whatever party, who want good government.

Mr. Folk is one of the men whose leadership contributed much to making possible a new and better order of political thought. He has proved that he not only thinks right, but knows how to perform. He is going to be solicitor of the State Department, and while there will be some mystery as to how a man of his parts is induced to accept a post involving so modest an emolument, there will be much satisfaction over the assurance that the former governor is again to be in public life.

THE WHITE SLAVE ACT.

Diggs and Caminetti have been convicted and sentenced to fines and prison. The Mann white slave act has been vindicated far beyond the hopes of its authors or the common sense view of Federal legislation.

The commerce clause of the Constitution has been a good deal stretched, but never more than when the Federal Government made a Federal crime of immoral conduct with an incident of interstate transportation involved in it. The law was intended, of course, to meet the organized, syndicated traffic in women for vice. It was never designed for such cases as these of Diggs and Caminetti, and ought not again to apply to them. Such matters should be left to the States.

THE PRIMARIES AND THE IMPEACHMENT.

Right on the eve of the impeachment court's opening in New York, a State primary was held. The results of that primary, within the Democratic party, cannot but give pause to those Democratic mechanicians who have set about to drive Sulzer from office.

The outcome of the impeachment has been all but certain from the beginning. Murphy and his pals have decreed that Sulzer shall go. It will take a near-miracle to save him.

And just as the solemn proceedings of the Court of Impeachment are about to begin, what happens in the primaries? In district after district throughout the State the masses of the Democratic party have gone to the polls and turned down the very leaders who, at Murphy's bidding, have lent themselves to the job of destroying Sulzer.

It is a very unusual cause which will take the rank and file of the Democratic party to the primaries in rebellion against the machine. As a rule when they wish to strike at their own organization they wait until election day. But this week there were Democratic uprisings at the primaries. They did not wait for election day; they kicked out their machine leaders on primary day.

It was in this way that the rank and file of Democrats gave their warning to the machine just as the impeachment court was ready to assemble to try the man whose trial had been forced by politicians because he had dared defy their orders.

They did their work to show the machine that its own party members hadn't been fooled any more by the impeachment of Sulzer than Progressives and Republicans had been fooled. If they were shocked that the charges against Sulzer could seem to be substantiated before the assembly, they were outraged to know that those charges never were brought against Sulzer by the politicians until after he had resisted their will.

That's what aroused the wrath of Democrats as well as the disgust of other voters. They didn't have to pass upon the guilt or innocence of Sulzer to know that he wasn't being punished because he misappropriated campaign funds, or for committing perjury, or because he gambled in the stock market,

or for making improper promises for votes, or for anything wrong he had done. He was being punished because of the right he had done when he wouldn't let the bosses of his party work their own sweet will with him and with the governorship and government of New York.

There never was blinder political folly or denser political stupidity than for the machine not to see that, whether Sulzer was good or bad, guilty or innocent, the public could not fail to know why the man's political life was being taken.

There was never anything blinder and stupider than that, and if the politicians couldn't realize it when they set out to make an end of Sulzer, they must, in spite of all their density, have realized the full truth on Tuesday when they found their own infuriated party smashing their machine right and left on primary day.

THE STAR AND THE LAW.

The Star has got itself curiously muddled in its discussion of the law concerning de facto officials. Several days ago it announced that it knew about Supreme Court decisions that would invalidate an assessment in which Edward W. Oyster should participate. The Corporation Counsel's office asked the Star to cite the cases, but the Star declined. Then The Times pointed out that the Star was acting curiously like counsel for the petitioner in an effort to invalidate the assessment and leave the town without revenue. That fetched our contemporary. It had put its foot into a bad mess once by reading all the civil service employees out of citizenship in Washington, and now it was getting in the position of suppressing information that public officials needed in order to protect the public interest.

So the Star decided to tell its great secret. It whispered, low and tremulously, the titles of the two cases in which the Supreme Court had held that an assessment by a de facto assessor was not valid. Both were from Arkansas, and NEITHER HAD ANY POSSIBLE RELATIONSHIP OR PERTINENCE TO THE ISSUE IN RE OYSTER.

Arkansas has a law under which the sheriff serves as assessor in the sale of land for taxes. That law states very specifically that he shall take his oath of office by January 10 before the county clerk. If he fails in this, the law says, his office shall be vacant, the governor shall be notified, and shall fill the vacancy.

Under these circumstances, then, the validity of tax sales in Arkansas were attacked in two instances, on the ground that this oath was not taken. The facts were so proved, and the Supreme Court simply held that the pretended officials never were officials at all; their acts were not the acts of assessors, either de jure or de facto; and tax deeds they issued were utterly invalid.

Those cases, it will be observed, have nothing on earth to do with the issues raised in Washington. Oyster has been appointed and is acting as assessor. There is no doubt about his de facto capacity. He has taken the oath and prescribed with every form stipulated.

And under the long line of decisions concerning the acts of de facto officers, his acts are perfectly legal.

We strongly suspect, from the appealing tone with which the Star announced that it "will not enter into an argument as to the meaning of these decisions," that it knew they failed utterly to sustain its position. But it had bluffed, had been called, and had to show its cards. It did the best possible, which was mighty bad.

The Star evidently needs some little lessons in the law, and we shall now show it one. The Star is devoting itself to show that Mr. Kalbfus is the legal assessor yet. It is sure that everything would be legal and right if he were still in office; but everything is going to the bowwows because he has been put out.

What, then, do the Star's own Arkansas cases prove?

That every act of Kalbfus as assessor was illegal, and that the assessments in which Kalbfus took part were of doubtful legality!

Why?

Because Kalbfus never took the oath of office prescribed for him as assistant assessor!

He never WAS an assistant assessor at all! He had no right to pretend to be one. The District Commissioners in fact did not need to remove him from office, for he never was in the office!

The Star is in the cheerful position of trying to oust a man whose acts are unquestionably legal, in order to get into the office a man who for many years has acted without shadow of legal authority!

The law provides the form of oath Kalbfus should take. He took a different oath. He should have taken his oath before a person qualified to administer that oath. Instead, he took it before a man unqualified to administer it.

Kalbfus might as well have gone out and taken the coronation oath of the Ameer of Afghanistan before a street car conductor, as to have taken the oath he did take, before the man who administered it.

Now that is not all. The law prescribes that the assistant assessor shall take his oath within ten days of his appointment. Kalbfus was appointed on April 29, and did not take the oath till nearly three months later; and then he took THE WRONG OATH before a person NOT AUTHORIZED TO ADMINISTER IT!

The very particular cases the Star cites make the complete argument against the position it has held as special defender and pleader for Kalbfus.

The Star announces that it doesn't care to continue this argument. We don't wonder. In the beginning it incensed every civil service employee in the town by taking the position that they are not fit persons to hold municipal office and should be barred. When The Times pointed out the implications of that doctrine the Star DROPPED THAT LINE OF ARGUMENT, decided to defend Kalbfus on purely legal grounds, and announced, in his defense, THE TWO PARTICULAR CASES THAT PROVE HIM NEVER TO HAVE BEEN AN ASSISTANT ASSESSOR AT ALL.

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

TO A MOSQUITO.

Hark, belated little devil,
To what I'm about to say;
It concerns you, on the level,
In a rather vital way.

Bryant, who, if I remember,
Glorified your filmy wing,
Never lay awake September
Nights and listened to you sing.
It is your distinguished pleasure,
Among all invertebrate,
To enjoy the fullest measure
Of my pure, untrammelled hate.
Awful buzzing thing, I'll bet you,
If you stick around a while,
That, believe me, bo, I'LL GET you,
By an English-speaking mile.
If you—wait! Keep still a minute!
Don't you dare to move a jot!
THERE! Ah! you WOULD begin it!
Well, you notice what you got.

"A solid roar came from the stands, making the air shake," runs a line in "The Spitter," in the "Saturday Evening Post," and the photo-illustration that accompanies the line shows neither solid roar, nor stands, nor quivering atmosphere. All of which plows up a new and virgin field.

The artist who could sketch shaking air realistically would indeed be no slouch of an artist. He would be going some. But there are—there must be—other lines and situations just as difficult to visualize. What are some of them? "The call echoed and re-echoed through the valley," for example, would be anything but easy. Any others?

Does That Include This One?

G. S. K.: When "a certain Congressman" forks over that \$16.96 kindly remittance to reimburse me for postage on two dazzlingly brilliant paragraphs, which you, with malice afore (and after) thought, consigned to the w. b.

In a city containing 821 haberdashers' clerks it would be strange if there were not one who could wrap up a collar without fingermarking it. So we shall continue the search.

WE'LL BE THE GOAT; WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

(From the New Haven, Mo., "Leader.")
At one with a very large number of our town inhabitants through seemingly occult methods of business policy, he appears now to be turning his attention to bedraggling and reducing the interests of the farmers in order to stave off a little while longer the straining that usually follows the utterly hopeless saving power of straw that float with the jetsam and flotsam on the surface of the commercial streams and which ultimately remorselessly swallow the perverse and heedless victim.

Newspaper office humor:

"Phone bell rings."
"Hello."
"Hello."
"Can you tell me where the Detroit club is stopping?"
"Where?"
"Sixth place."
"Thanks."
"Don't mention it."

Thanks Awfully.

G. S. K.: Your fussing around for a paragraph keeps us from work.* Use this and keep still.

THE COPY DESK.

"Whaddya mean work?"—Ed.
D's practical suggestion to tailors is that they build suits with a special pocket for car tickets, his claim being that they are the one thing that he doesn't know where to place.

IRITATIONS.

Among the million things or so
That "tend to get me going,
The most inspiring one I know
Is when a torn lining lets my arm lie
Between the dermis and epidermis
Of my coat sleeve when
I'm trying to dress in a hurry
—which I always am when I
I am trying to dress.

"I continue that verse-prose method," adds G. W. L., "because it not only helps you fill up but also saves me the trouble of finding a rhyme, since by the time folks get to the end of that long line they have forgotten what the rhyme ought to be."

We'll Tell Him About It.

G. S. K.: If R. J. will stop his striking clock he can lie awake all night without being disturbed.

We are anything but accurate where time is concerned, but it strikes us the centennial of the Perry centennial celebration cannot be overly far away.

TO THE NIGHT WIND.

By STANFORD L. OSHARRA.
I saw at another time
You picked up leaves of every kind.
I saw you gather all the leaves
To dance in ragtime for your breeze;
I saw you lift the lady's skirt
And eyes of men you filled with dirt.
Oh, naughty wind, you're bad, too.
But the wind still means, to you, its
you.

(END.)

"The trouble with your Chain Bridge stuff," kicks G. W. L., "is that the 'climbers win one day and lose the next' and you therefore never get anywhere."

Correct about the team, old top, but our own actions are part of a clear and definite program.

We always have an end in view.

G. S. K.

IT CAN'T BE DONE! By VIC



Good Stories

Interested.

HUSBAND (at the police station)—They say you have caught the fellow who robbed our house night before last.
Sergeant—Yes. Do you want to see him?
Husband—Sure! I'd like to talk to him. I want to know how he got in without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for the last twenty years.—Judge.

Too Tender Hearted.

THEY had been talking as they walked through the leafy groves of Cherokee Park. She had remarked pathetically:
"Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman."
"Indeed it must," was his response. Then, after a while, with sympathetic ingenueness, she exclaimed:
"It doesn't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it."
And then came a silence between them as he thought it over.—Louisville Times.

The Lesser Evil.

A GENTLEMAN from the North was enjoying the excitement of a bear hunt down in Mississippi. The bear was surrounded in a small cane thicket. The dogs could not get the bear out, and the planter, who was at the head of the hunt, called to one of the negroes:
"Sam, go in there and get that bear out."
The negro hesitated for a moment and then plunged into the cane. A few moments later the negro, the bear and the dogs were rolling upon the ground outside. After the hunt was over the visitor said to the negro:
"Were you afraid to go into that thicket with that bear?"
"Cap'n," replied the negro, "it was just this way: I never had met dat bear, but I was pashonally quainted wid de old boss, so I jest naturally took dat bear."—Montreal Herald.

Concerts Today

By United States Engineer Band at Judiciary Park, at 7:30 p. m.

CHIEF MUSICIAN FRANK J. WEBER, Conductor.

March, "National Emblem," Bagley
Overture, "Il Guarany," Gomez
Waltz, "Dreams of Childhood," Waldteufel

(a) Song for cornet, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," Danks

(b) Sextet from "Lucia," Donizetti (Request)

Selection, "Creme de la Creme," Tobani

Descriptive Indian Fantasia, "The Death of Custer," Johnson

Popular Melodies, "Hercules Hits," arr. Clark

Two-Step, "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Nornandy," Remick

The Star-Spangled Banner.

By the U. S. Soldiers' Home Band, from 4 to 5:30 p. m.

EMIL A. FENSTAD, Asst. Director.

March, "Luxemburg," Lehar

Overture, "Vienna Festival," Keler

Fantasia, "Evening Bell," Belsa

Selection, "Reminiscences of All Nations," Geoffrey

Characteristic, "The Junk Man Rag," Roberts

Suite royal, "At the King's Court," Sousa

(a) "Her Ladyship, the Countess," (b) "Her Grace, the Duchess," (c) "Her Majesty, the Queen," (d) "That Ragtime Regiment" (Band), Morris

"The Star-Spangled Banner."

Reflections of Bachelor Girl

A MAN will look anywhere on earth but in a mirror for the reason why a girl has refused him.

The modern girl's "ideal man" is one who is genius enough to make a lot of money and fool enough to throw it away on her.

The marriage ties begin to "bind," the first time a bride is dissolved in tears because her "lovely-dovey" goes down to breakfast four minutes ahead of her, and the first time a bridegroom is consumed with wrath because his "petty wetsy" wants to stay in bed and let him eat his breakfast all-oney.

A perfect set of teeth has been the means whereby many a woman has acquired a reputation for the ability to "see a joke."

When a man asks a girl to be his wife, in these days of hole-proof socks, bachelor apartments, and chorus girls, she has a revelation of human selfishness that stands as the eighth wonder of the world.

What's the use of writing, anyhow? Emerson has said everything worth saying, Shakespeare has portrayed every human emotion, Mark Twain has satirized everything amusing, Swinburne has sung in every meter, and Elinor Glyn and Laura Jean Libbey have done the rest!

One of the things that puzzles the average man in love is the problem of where he will find a place in which to spend his evenings so pleasantly, after he has married the girl.

A girl is sometimes so dazzled by her engagement ring that, for the life of her, she cannot tell how much of her thrill at her fiancé's kiss is inspired by Cupid and how much is inspired by cupid.

From the way in which a man insists on keeping his wife in the straight and narrow path, you would fancy that Heaven was a woman's club and Hades exclusively a stag affair.

If married men would tell their wives that "half" of their experiences which they keep to themselves instead of the half they usually recount those "long, dull evenings" en famille would be considerably enlivened.

When a man asks a girl to marry him he is deliberately taking off his shield, buckler, and his halo and handing them over in exchange for—a kiss.

A feeling of sickness comes over one that is almost akin to pain when one reads all these articles on "how to hold a husband's love." The kind of love that has to be "held" isn't worth holding.

No man is ever completely happy unless he is just a little bit in love; no woman unless somebody is just a little bit in love with her.

Is Your Name Hugh Williams? Then You'll Never Die at Sea

AMONG the many English seafaring men there is a tradition that no man blessed with the name of Hugh Williams will ever die at sea—a tradition based on one of the most remarkable series of coincidences ever recorded in the logs of those who go down to the sea in ships.

The last and the most remarkable instance of this immunity of the Hugh Williamses from death at sea occurred in 189, when a coal barge was caught in a storm in the North Sea and went down.

There were nine men on board, and all were lost except two, who were uncle and nephew and each of whom was named Hugh Williams. For years afterward the relatives of the fortunate men held a yearly reunion to celebrate the day of deliverance from what had seemed certain death.

But the superstition that no Hugh Williams can become Neptune's victim is far older than that. In August, 1829, a pleasure boat of the Thames collided with another vessel and went down. There were twenty-five persons on board, most of them children, and all were drowned save one, Hugh Williams, a lad of six.

Another similar case was that of the Maud, a ferryboat which plied across the straits of Dover. In 1783 this craft was caught in a gale and went down. Sixty persons were drowned and only one was saved, an old gentleman named Hugh Williams.

A similar instance is recorded at an even earlier date. In 1664 a vessel was wrecked on the Isle of Man with eighty persons on board. One was saved—Hugh Williams! Who can explain it? The case is apparently authentic.

Smiling at Misfortune

By Sophie Irene Lock.

"LAUGH at misfortune," said Dr. W. McDougall, of Oxford, before the stern, serious-minded scientists assembled in Birmingham, England. "Laughter is a beneficent provision whereby a man of minor suffering, which would otherwise depress humanity, is turned into a stimulant, promoting well-being," he says.

This learned professor further urges that if everybody would actually display a sense of mirth and take such a view of their own and other people's troubles, this tendency would alleviate exaggeration of trials and afflictions, if not eventually remove them.

While a man can't very well be happy over losing his job, yet it plunges into deep grief over the inevitable and things that are past never get anybody anything but wrinkles and gray hair and bent shoulders and a little "amen corner" by themselves.

But laughter is an untiring magnet. It always draws it is the one human element that we are born with, though many of us try to smother it and put tones of sorrow in its place. The noted scientist had evidently studied the human in summing up his broad statement.

The little child who falls and is about to set up a painful cry will look up at you, and if you are laughing over it he takes his "cue" from you and his loud lament turns into a laugh.

Why? Because his viewpoint has changed. He has made mirth of his misfortune. We see all children at best, and if we cultivate a standard to change our sorrowful viewpoint at least into a smiling one, even the microscope of some of us complaints of trouble as if it were a stepchild, and yet nurse it carefully as our very own.

There are two kinds of trouble—the kind you have and the kind you haven't. There are but few of the first sort, but of the second there is no end. For as a wise old man said, "I am an old man. I have had many troubles, but most of them never happened. The funny thing about trouble is that there is no joy keener than taking a trouble by the tail and dragging it into the back yard. A man who has no so-called troubles never has anything.

Troubles are a manifestation that nature wants you to get busy and do something. The energy you waste on worry over troubles drains the vitality and makes you less fit for the fray. It multiplies the drug stores and enables the patent medicine folk to live on fifth avenue.

Trouble, the tempest in the teapot, should be "settled" speedily so that each may have his cup of life more clear. And if mirth will do it, on with the laugh.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

It's a funny thing that the moment a man gets into a Norfolk suit and crawls under a fussy golf cap he is able to kid himself into the belief that he is the "very dickens with the wimmin."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Lyne," says a theological expert, "causes stuttering." Not if you think up your story well in advance.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The approaching wedding of the President's daughter will be the thirteenth in the White House, but a girl isn't unlucky to have the White House to be married in.

What's on the Program in Washington Today

Baseball—Washington vs. Detroit, 2:30 p. m.
Meetings—Evening:
Masochism—Columbia, No. 2, and Leaban, No. 7, Hiram, No. 10, Royal Arch Chapter, Columbia, No. 2, Knights Templar, Columbia, No. 4, Eastern Star, Odd Fellows—Central, No. 1; Melopopolis, No. 18, and Phoenix, No. 28. Mageneu, No. 4, encampment; Miriam, No. 6, R. B. B. B. B.
Knights of Pythias—Syracuse, No. 10, and Rathbone-Superior, No. 28, Rathbone Temple, No. 8, Pythian Sisters.
Red Men—Seneca Tribe, No. 11, and Mineola Tribe, No. 14.
Amusements.
Poli's—"The Man Who Owns Broadway," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Academy—"One Day," 8:15 p. m.
Keith's—Vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Columbia—"Quo Vadis," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Cosmos—Vaudeville.
Casino—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"London Belles," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.